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MY GRANDMOTHER,

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

L O N D O N ;

PRINTED FOR E. POWELL, GREAT PLAZAS.

COVENT-GARDEN,

M.D C, VI



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Mathew Medley,</i>	-	-	Mr. Waldron.
<i>Vapour,</i>	-	-	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
<i>Woodly,</i>	-	-	Mr. Sedgwick.
<i>Gossip,</i>	-	-	Mr. Suet.
<i>Souffrance,</i>	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Tom,</i>	-	-	Mr. Bland.
<i>Servant,</i>	-	-	Mr. Lyons.

WOMEN.

<i>Florella,</i>	-	-	Signor Storace.
<i>Charlotte,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Bland.

SCENE—The Country.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

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ACT I.  
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SCENE—*A Chamber of an Inn.*

[BELL RINGING A VIOLENT NOISE.]

Enter Tom.

COMING—'coming, what the devil is the matter?
Souffrance—Souffrance!—

(Rings again.)

Enter Souffrance, with a napkin and fork in his hand.

Hallo! vat is de matter, I can no eat my little bit of chicken in quiet.

Tom. Don't you hear?

Souff. Oh! dat is my master.

Tom. I wish the devil had your master, then.

Souff. Vy, don't you know vat is de matter vid my master? My master is vimsical—He fancy himself all manner of tings in de whole world—de Sexton, de Grave-dig, de Ploughman.

Tom. A Ploughman!

Souf. Nui—My master vas go to the masqurede, and
nd the picture of a young lady, vich he falls in love vid,
dat he is go to kill hrmslf—My master is vat you call de
Aypo—condria.

Tom. Aypo—who? (*Ringin' again.*)

VAPOUR *without.*

Waiter. Souffrance, am I to wait here all day?

Souf. Here, take a de fork—give me my liitle bit of
chicken, though—

[*Exit Tom.*]

Enter VAPOUR.

Vapour. Ah! Souffrance—I am going to drown
myself!

Souf. Ah! no, sair!

Vapour. Yes, I will—I will drown myself—there is
the finest pond in the garden.

Souf. Ah! Sir, for vy drown yourself?

Vapour. What right have you to ask? You are my
servant, and have no right to ask questions—I will drown
myself.

Souf. Ah! sir! when you get into dis vay:

Vapour. Yes, I know I am an ass, a fool, a blockhead,
an idiot.

Souf. Me no right to contradict you, sair; but, sair,
when your papa die, you fancy yourself every ting in de
world; you vas de sexton, de clerk, de grave-dig, and de
coffin—den you fancy yourself de great bell, and your
head de clappair, and go ba—ba—ba.

Vap. Oh! that was folly—but now I have reason—cool reason, on my side—s'death, to think that I should fall in love with a picture, pick'd up at a masquerade, which perhaps, represents no person living. Look, Souffrance, what eyes!

(Taking a miniature from his pocket.)

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What a mouth!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What a countenance!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What expression!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. Oh! I'll go drown myself.

Souf. Ah! no sair, you no drown yourself.

Vap. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think that I should be such a fool! I that swore never to be in love!—Ha! ha! ha!—if I laugh too much, I shall bring on the hysterics: I am very ill, my eyes are sunk.

Souf. Dey would be sunk, if you vas fling yourself in de pond.

Vap. I am very weak.

Souf. Oh! sair, 'tis all fancy.

Vap. You lie, you rascal; *(Strikes him.)* I have no more strength than a mouse.

Souf. I am very glad there be no more such mouse in the house; but sair, if I might advise, I would throw de picture in de pond.

Vap. An excellent thought, Souffrance—and yet how can I find in my heart to do it!—here, you shall take it;

find the deepest part of the pond, and—why don't you take it?

Souf. Oh! 'tis a damond, I vil take care you shall never see it more.

Vap. Stay, Souffrance—there is more philosophy in getting the better of one's folly, so give it me again.

Souf. No, Sair.

Vap. Give it me again, you rascal—I'll go instantly Sir Matthew. he expected me these two days; so get the horses ready directly.

Souf. Sair, dey have not eat dere little bit of corn; I have no time to eat my little bit of chicken myself,

Vap. Why did you not give th-m theis corn yesterday? I can't stay. Sir Matthew expects me.

Souf. You will no go dat figure.

Vap. What is the matter with my figure? I am sure it will do very well.

Souf. Oh Sair! you be no dress—you be no shave.

Vap. Damnation! it will take an hour to get a barber.

Souf. Sair, dere be one Maitre Gossip wait at your appointment, dis half hour.

Vap. Shew him in; I'll be shaved directly.

Souf. Maitre Gossip, you come shave my master.

Enter GOSSIP.

Gos. Servant, Sir.

Vap. Come, shave me directly, don't prate—Sir Matthew will be glad to see me,

Gos. I won't say a word : Ah, sir,—ah, I shav'd your honour's father.

Vap. You did ?

Gos. Yes, Sir ; I shav'd him every morning when he was in these parts.

Vap. Well, Sir—very well, Sir.

Gos. Your father set me up here, Sir,

Vapour. Dam'me, I'll set you down, if you don't shave me.

Gossip. I don't know any body I would sooner take by the nose and chin, altho' he is dead.

Vapour. I wish you would not bother me about my father's nose and chin, but shave me.

Gossip. Ah ! Sir, I shall have more pleasure in shaving you than you're aware of ; I have a respect for every hair in your chin.

Vapour. Why don't you shave me ?

Gossip. Lord, Sir, you're as queer as a quartern of soap after a week's wash—your father would not use me in this manner ! he lik'd to hear me talk ; Dicky Gossip, says he—he always call'd me Dicky, you're my barbatic—barbatic, was not that droll ?

Vapour. Dam'me, why don't you shave me ?

Gossip. Shave you directly, Sir ; did you hear of the news ?

Vapour. No, Sir ; nor do I wish to hear of it ; I wish you would shave me.

Gossip. Some very particular event likely to hapgen I shan't fail to foretel, at least by the time it will happen for you must know, Sir, I am a bit of a star gazer, a sort of an almanack-maker, a kind of a Poor Robin.

Vap. I did not send for a Poor Robin ; I sent for a barber to shave me.

Gossip. Ah ! Sir, I am not only a barber, I am a man of many callings.

Vapour. I wish you was a man of few words, with all my heart—you're razor must be sharp enough.

Gossip. Sharp, Sir, why its as smooth as satin, cut like the wind.

Vapour. Like the east wind, I suppose, cut my face in two.

Gossip. That's a good joke ; come, I like that ; but it would not do in our shop—would be a a forfeit,

Vapour. Damn your shop—why don't you shave me ?

Enter TOM.

Tom. Mr. Gossip !—Mr. Gossip ! the grocer's is on fire in your street ; you must make haste home, or it will be at your house presently.

Gossip. (*draws a chair and sits down.*) I know it, saw it in the sky ; I was sure of it, I told them so in my almanack ; says I, there will be a fire one day in this month.

Vapour. I suppose, Sir, you expect me to shave you ; now I shall never get shaved.

(*walks about Gossip following.*)

Gossip. Oh ! Sir, shave you directly.

Enter SOUFFRANCE.

Souf. Sair, de horses are ready,

Vap. Then I'll go.

[*Exit VAPOUR.*]

MY GRANDMOTHER.

Gossip. Give me my napkin ; he's gone with my napkin,

Tom, Mr. Gossip, make haste, or the village will be all on fire.

Gossip, Can't go without my napkin—must have my

Enter VAPOUR.

Dam'me, Sir ! why don't you come and shave me ?
Am I to wait all day.

[*Snatches his wig, and exit, followed by Gossip and Souffrance.*]

SCENE—A Garden,

Enter FLORELLA gathering Roses,

AIR—FLORELLA—*Pasiello.*

ARE ye fair like op'ning roses ?

Tender maidens, ah, beware

When its bloom the heart discloses,

Love will find a dwelling there ;

Prudence then in vain opposes,

Youth is never wise as fair.

Enter WOOLLY.

Wood. Florella still in masquerade ?

Flor. Don't mention it, Mr. Woolly ; still sighing and dying after my cousin Charlotte : There she is, go and speak to her.

Wood. Such is the power she has over me, that I am not able to comply with your commands.

AIR — WOODLY.

CRUEL fair ! who secret anguish,
 Can with wanton pride impart !
 Can behold a lover languish,
 Sporting with his faithful heart ;
 Here, let ev'ry beauteous maiden,
 Here, let ev'ry constant swain,
 With her Woodly's fate upbraiding,
 Banish from the smiling plain.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Well, Florella, still in that masquerade dress ?

Flor. Shall I never hear the last of going to a poor harmless Masquerade ?

Char. From which you confess you returned with the loss of your heart and picture ; they are sufficient motives for your uncle's displeasure.

Flor. My dear cousin, I'll tell you, my heart I did lose, to be sure, but as for the picture——

Char. Hey day ! what next ?

Flor. Why that I put in Mr. Vapour's way on purpose that he might pick it up ; and his eyes——

Char. O ! his eyes, to be sure !

Flor. Where so fix'd on it, that I had a great mind to unmask and shew him the original, if it had not been for the dignity of the sex, my dear cousin.

Char. You're a giddy mad girl ; but what do you intend to do with Mr. Vapour ?

Flor. Not treat him as you do poor Woodly.

Char. Would you have me run into his arms ?

Flor. Which you would find no hard matter ; for he has held them open to you these two years.

Char. Well, well ; I must go and prepare for the reception of Mr. Vapour.

Flor. But I wish you would let me go ask my uncle's pardon now.

Char. No, no, No man's temper's more mild when taken at a proper season ; but now his head's crowded as a newspaper, and in as much confusion as your work bag, what with the thoughts of his new varnish, and the expectation of Mr. Vapour——I'll speak to him for you.

Flor. Well, speak to him soon.

Char. In the mean time, you keep out of Mr. Vapour's sight.

[*Exit Charlotte.*]

Flor. [*taking a mask from her arm.*] Oh ! dear enchanting-mask ! 'Tis to you I owe all the delightful pleasure I now feel !

AIR FLORELLA.

ON the lightly sportive wing,
At pleasure's call we fly,
Hark ! they dance, they play, they sing,
In merry, merry revelry,
Hark ! the tabor's lively beat ;
Hark ! the flutes in number sweet,
Fill the night with delight—
At the masquerade,
Beneath this mask, what tender woes,
We softly hear reveal'd,
Secure that, while the bosom glows,
Our blushes lie conceal'd !
Let grave one's warn us as they may,
Of every harmless joy afraid,
While we're young, while we're gay,
Let us frolick and play—at the masquerade.

Hither trips along a beau so smart—

Dear heart ; pretty lass, this way—

Soft ;—stay here my dear !

'Tis a favour, Sir, I must deny—Oh fie !

Can I trust myself alone with you ? adieu !

Then amid the croud we mix again—

And join the motley train.

Let grave one's, &c.

[Exit Florella.

SCENE—*A Saloon, with pictures oneach side,
with Curtains.*

Enter SIR MATTHEW *and* CHARLOTTE.

Sir Matthew. I wonder Mr. Vapour is not come ' but I am glad he did not come untill I had varnished my pictures. [*walks up to the pictures and draws the curtain.*] Let's see how they look—very well—very well indeed ; another coat of varnish, and then—

Char. Perhaps he has fell in love, and forgot his appointment.

Sir Matthew. Fell in love ! No, no ; he may have fell from his horse, perhaps ! he made a vow never to fall in love.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Vapour, Sir.

Sir. Mat. Where is he ? where is the daar boy ?

Enter VAPOUR.

Sir Mat. Ah—ah—Mr. Vapour, I am glad to see you,

Vap. Happy to see you, Sir Matthew ; Madam, your most obedient.

[Bow.

Sir Mat. Ah! that bow put me in mind of your father. Do you know, Charlotte, this gentleman's father was fond of pictures.—Why, what's the matter, Mr. Vapour?

Vap. Nothing—nothing, Sir Matthew!

Sir Mat. Why, you an't ill, are you?

Vap. Never in better spirits in my life! Do I look ill, Madam?

Char. You look as if you was in love.

Vap. If I do, it is a symptom of the liver complaint.

Char. No, it's the heart.

Vap. No, it's the liver—I know I shall be ill of the ague, or St. Anthony's fire, or an attack on my chest—my throat feels queer; I am going to have the mumps—hem—pray, Sir Matthew, do I look bilious?

Sir Mat. No, no.

Vap. Hætic?

Sir Mat. No——no——you're the picture of rude health.

Vap. Then I shall die of a plethora.

Sir Mat. Come, come, leave off this nonsense, and come and look at my pictures—I am told you have a little love for a picture.

Vap. Zounds! he has discovered my weakness.

(aside.)

Sir Mat. Here's one by Guido, and this by Salvator Rosa; but here's a picture; *(drawing the curtain, Vapour starts.)*

Vap. The very same as the miniature in my pocket. *(runs to Sir Matthew)* Oh! my dear Sir Matthew.

Sir Mat. What is the matter? now some new disease.

Vap. Oh! Sir Matthew, by all the ties of friendship that ever subsisted between our families—tell me who that divine picture represents.

Sir Mat. What, do you think it pretty?

Vap. Never was beauty to equal it!—any of your family, Sir Matthew?

Sir Mat. Why, yes; it's my grandmother.

Vap. Your grandmother! is she living?

Sir Mat. No: why, if she had been alive now, she had been, let me see—aye—a hundred and twenty-two.

Vap. Did she sing?

Sir Mat. Oh yes, our family were all musical.

Vap. Did she play on the guitar?

Sir Mat. Who?

Vap. Your grandmother.

Sir Mat. Why you seem to have a great liking for my grandmother; but come into the garden, and see my improvements, and the gold and silver fish.

[Exit Sir Matthew and Charlotte.]

Vap. I'll attend you, Sir Matthew—'sdeath, that I should live to years of discretion, and fall in love with an old fellow's grandmother.

AIR—VAPOUR.

AH, me! I am lost and forlorn!

No hope can my anguish assuage;

For, alas! long before I was born,

My fair one had died of old age.

Ah, well-a-day! well-a-day!

Why, Time, should'st thou be so uncouth!

Why wither her beauties divine!

Why rob her of her every tooth,

Before I had cut one of mine?

Ah well-a-day! well-a-day!

At night to her tomb I'll repair,

Bewailing she ne'er was my bride,

Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,

If any was left when she died.

Ah well-a-day! well-a-day!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Garden.*

Enter FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, and WOOLLY.

AIR—CHARLOTTE.

FULL twenty times you've heard my mind,

You're not the man I hope to find,

Or can for life approve;

In spite of all that you can say,

I'm still inclin'd to answer nay;

And never think of love.

Give o'er your teasing, 'tis in vain,

From me your suit will nothing gain,

My will you'll never move.

When I resign my hand and heart,

I'll have a lad, gay, brisk and smart,

Or never think of love.

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Florella. Well, Charlotte, what do you think of Mr. Vapour?

Charlotte. Think, why he has a thousand more whims than a fine lady, and in a little time would fancy you some strange monster or other.

Florella. So he did not fancy himself one, I should not care; they say nervous men make the best husbands; for you may fret them to death when you like: But why don't you pity poor Woody there?

Charlotte. I must support the dignity of the sex,

Florella. The dignity of the sex is best supported by a good husband; and if Mr. Vapour should like me—

Charlotte. What then?

Florella. Well then, I would marry him to support the dignity of the sex, my dear cousin.

Charlotte. Well, well; How goes on your scheme?

Florella. Oh! charmingly. You'll not betray us, Woody?

Woody. No—indeed, not I.

Charlotte. Ah! no, no;—you may rely on him; a look is enough.

Florella. Then he deserves kinder ones than you have given him lately, however.

Woody. I am glad I have an advocate in you, Miss Florella; but why, my dear Charlotte, don't you believe these tender sighs?

TRIO.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, and WOODLY.

Flor. and Woodly.—AH! believe these plaintive sighs;
Unceasing still when you appear.

Charlotte.———Ah! forbear these plaintive sighs,
Unceasing still when I appear.

Flor. and Woodly.—Tell not to me you can despise,
A constant heart and vows sincere;

Charlotte.———Tell not to me you can despise,
A constant heart and vows sincere;
Faith, in native colours shewn,
Wins, at length, our yielding heart;
Pleas'd, an equal flame we own,
Pleas'd, an equal joy impart.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—A Hall.

Enter Gossip, meeting Souffrance.

Gossip. Ah! ah! my old boy, give us your hand—
How do you do? I am glad to see you; where are you
going?

Souf. I vas go to de apotecare of de village.

Gossip. The apothecary, very well; stay where you are.

Souf. I can no stay; me must go for de apotecare for
my master.

Gossip. Stay where you are, stay where you are; I am
the apothecary: I am come here on a bit of a carpenting
job for Miss Florella; so I thought I might as well bring
the decoction for your master in my pocket.

Souf. Vat apotecare, carpentare, barbere?

Gossip. Dentist and tailor, at your service; ecce sig-
num. (*shewing a flannel waistcoat.*)

Souf. Vat is dat?

Gossip. Vat is dat ! why, a flannel waistcoat, to be sure, which every body knows is designed for our brave troops abroad, who, while we're at home warm and snug in our shops, defy cold, wet, and hunger, for the good welfare of old England.

Souf. Dat is very good.

Gossip. Very good ! I believe it is indeed ; it's a ve-ry good thing for me, I know. I always carry one about me, ready cut out, that I may lose no time in the job : I feel my heart so warm in the cause, that when I take my sheers in my hand, and extend my finger and thumb just to take my simple allowance of cabbage, damn me, they drop out of my hand—can't take the cabbage.

Souf. Monsieur Gossip, how you be so many trade ?

Gossip. Why, as you are a foreigner, I'll tell you all about it. First you know shaving was born with me. (I was born a shaver.)—bleeding follows of course.

Souf. Nui, I dare say, ven you shave.

Gossip. Now, my other trades are taken up by motives of convenience ; for, being an apothecary, I sometimes keep my customers longer in the village than they otherwise might wish to stay—You know if they die, then I am a carpenter, and so finish my own job ; but if they shall happen to recover, then I am a tailor, and make their clothes—can't walk abroad, you know, without bring fashionable.

Souf. You be great many trades for one man. Vy vas you not de sexton and de grave-dig, too ?

Gossip. I should have been—I should have been, but I let my brother-in-law have them.

Souf. Oh! den 'tis all in de family.

Gossip. To be sure; never let any thing go out of the family—never—never.

Souf. Dat is right, dat is right.

Gossip. Did you never see my sign?

Souf. No.

Gossip. Never see my sign! it's the prettiest sign in the village; hangs over the door, under the pole, it's the sign of the Four-outs.

Souf. Four-outs!

Gossip. Ah, four-outs: there's wrote in large letters **Gossip**: that's me. You know my name's Gossip.

Souf. Ah! I know you, Gossip.

Gossip. Gossip, dentist, taylor, apothecary, and carpenter. I draw-out, cut-out, rout-out, and lay-out.

Souf. Den you never out.

Gossip. Come, that's a very good joke for a Frenchman. Oh! I had like to forgot; here's the decoction for your master—mind and shake it, always shake it; for the best is at the bottom.

Souf. Vat is dis, vinegar and brickdust? Will it no hurt my master?

Gossip. No—no—it won't hurt him; I take care never to hurt my nervous customers: they are the best customers I have to my back—though they are always ailing, they never die; so I don't get much out of them in the carpenting line; but as long I hammer something out of them, I don't care how it is. Do you know they wrote a song on me in those parts? They

call me the wonderful barber, or Jack of all trades; I'll sing it you.

AIR—GOSSIP.

WHEN I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy;
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
Then a taylor, good Lord! then an apothecary.

But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat as they can;
For shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dicky Gossip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentist both awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I still have savings;
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in *shavings*.

Sp for this trade or that,
They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
I fancy occur to some who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.
But no matter for that, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE—The Saloon.

Enter VAPOUR.

Vap. I've slipt form Sir Matthew to take another look at the object of my passion; my passion! my folly! Oh; that I was born three generations after thee—(*draws the other curtain.*) What's here? His grandfather, this is my rival—Oh, if I had him here—this is the lovely picture

—(*draws the curtain, and discovers Florella dress'd as the picture, with a guitar.*) It looks fresher than ever ; Now I am such a fool, I could fancy it was alive ; there seems life in the eyes ; it seems to breathe. Oh ! my brain is certainly turned : I'll go back to Sir Matthew—(*she sings.*) I could almost persuade myself I heard her touch the guitar.

AIR—FLORELLA.

SAY, how can words a passion feign,
Where love ne'er taught to languish ?
Or, when we own the tyrant's reign,
What art can veil our anguish ?
The god of love alike disdains,
To lend his form, or wear our chains.

Vap. Oh ! It's alive, it's alive.

Enter Souffrance.

Souf. Sair, de horses are ready.

Vap. Souffrance, it's ailve—it's alive.

Souf. Vat is alive ?

Vap. Why, Sir Matthew's grandmother, (*pushes off Souffrance.*) now I'll have one sweet embrace, (*as he gets on the table, the picture drops down*) Sweet enchanting angelic—Oh !——

Enter Sir Matthew, Charlotte, and Woodly.

Sir Mat. Here, Mr. Vapour, Mr. Vapour.

Vap. Oh ! Sir Matthew, did you hear it ?

Sir Mat. Hear what ?

Vap. Hear her sing.

Sir Mat. You've a singing in your head, I fancy.

Vap. O yes, I am certainly crazy ; well, good bye, Sir Matthew, I'll go immediately.

Sir Mat. Mr. Vapour, you're not going, there's all the neighbours coming to pay their respects to you.

Vap. Yes—Yes, Sir Matthew, I must go directly.

Sir Mat. Nay—nay—stay—Charlotte, you told me somebody wanted to speak to me ; now I have a little time, let them come in.

Charlotte. O, Sir, she's no stranger.

Florella. Pray sir, forgive——

Vap. 'Tis she—'tis she !

Sir Mat. 'Tis who ?

Vap. Why, your grandmother.

Sir Mat. Ha—ha—ha, this is all owing to the family resemblance of my niece to my grandmother.

Florella. Pray, Sir, forgive this juvenile indiscretion.

(*kneeling.*)

Vap. Here I am rooted for ever, unless you forgive whatever juvenile indiscretion your grandmother has been guilty of.

Sir Mat. Rise—rise Mr. Vapour, I do forgive her, I do forgive my niece. (*embracing Florella.*)

Vap. O ! this is alive ; so you're Sir Matthew's niece, are you ?

Florella. Charlotte can answer that.

Vap. And not his grandmother ?

Florella. No—that I can answer myself.

Vap. Oh ! Sir Matthew, will you bestow your grand—your niece on me in marriage ?

Sir Mat. Aye—aye—take her, and I will give

you my grandmother into the bargain ; Charlotte, I see you like him too, so take her, Woodly.

Vap. But what says my divine Florella ?

Florella. Will you love me, Mr. Vapour.

Vap. Yes, for ever, if it is only for the sake of Sir Matthew's grandmother.

F I N A L E.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, WOODLY, and CHORUS.

Florella. THO' now betrothed in early life,
I died in days of yore ;
And happy you will take to wife,
A grandam of fourscore.

Woodly. When blest with Charlotte's hand and love,
We'll kiss 'till we grow old ;
May she in time a grandam prove,
But never prove a scold.

Chorus. Since wedlock must at last ensue,
Let's wed and say no more :
Our Mothers and our Grandams too,
They all did so before.

Vapour. Soon on my knee a boy may sit,
And call me dear papa
In fifty years some little tit, (TO FLORELLA.
May squall out Grand-mama.

Chorus. Tho' former times were not amiss,
We're happier in our own ;
The type of England's nuptial bliss,
Now sits upon the throne.

Chorus. Since wedlock, &c.

F I N I S.



